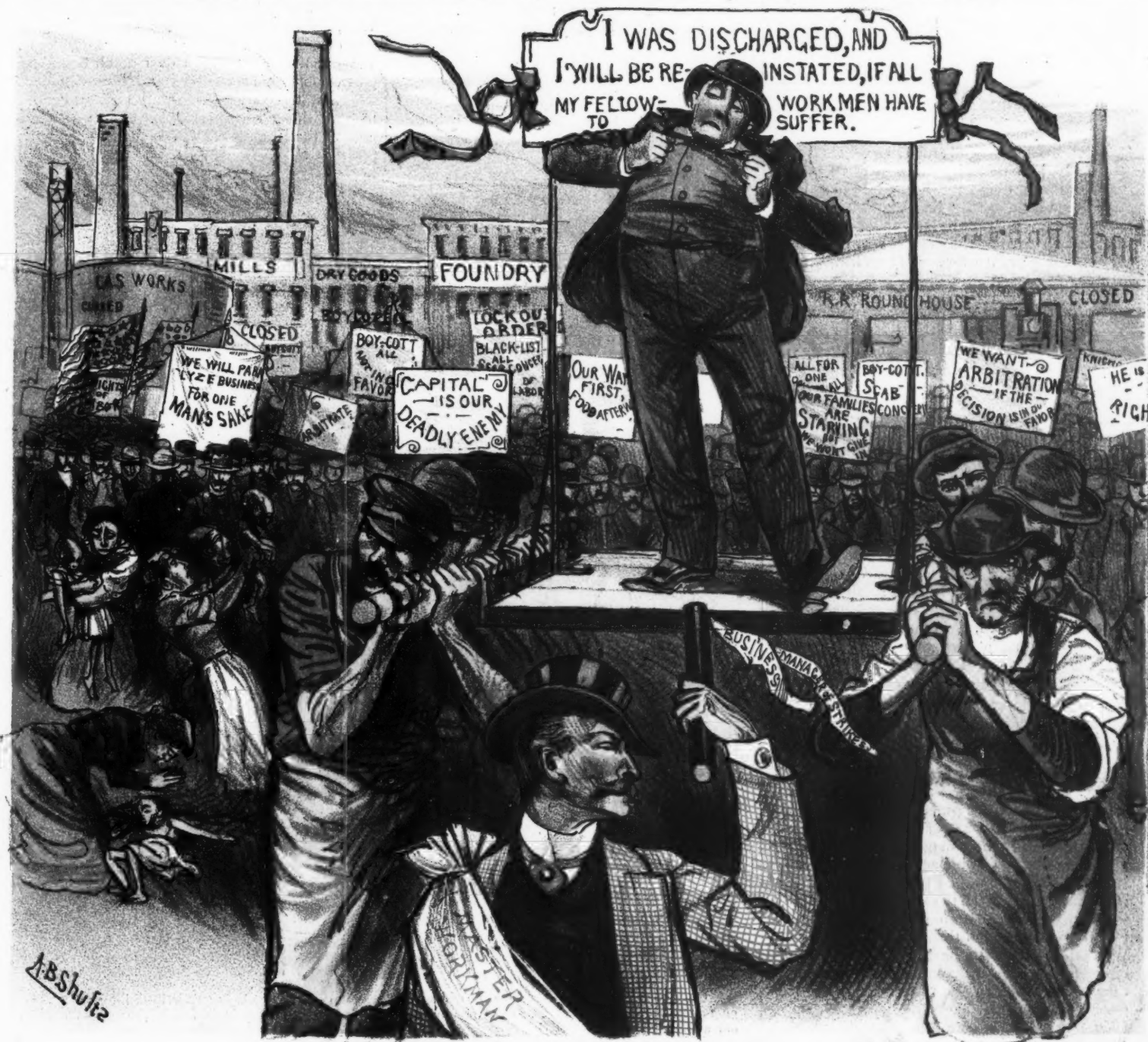


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## IS NOT THIS ONLY ANOTHER FORM OF "MONOPOLY"?

For the Sake of One Man, Discharged for Cause, Thousands of Workingmen are Forced Out of Employment, Business is Paralyzed, and Destruction of Life and Property Threatened—All by Order of Professional Agitators. Is this Fair to the Workingman—or to Anyone Else?



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BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE are two kinds of strikes. One kind we had in this city a few weeks ago. A street railway company underpaid its men. Probably the company had paid out so much money to the New York Aldermen to buy its franchise that it felt the necessity of economizing. In any case, it overworked and underpaid its men. The men struck. All the men on the other street-car lines struck with them. Except for the elevated roads, always crowded beyond their proper carrying capacity, New York was at a standstill. The situation was decidedly unpleasant for New York. The railroad commissioners interfered; the street-car companies found that their charters were in danger of revocation; the company that had originally caused the trouble was forced to come to terms, and the working-men received the payment and treatment to which they were justly entitled.

That was one kind of strike. There is another. A Southern railway was bankrupt and in the hands of a United States Court. The management of the road had a small local and personal disagreement with its employees. Because it would not yield to the demands of those employees, the road was boycotted. All the roads connecting with it were boycotted. All the roads connecting with the connecting roads were boycotted. Boycotted they remain, up to the time at which we write.

That is the way in which the thing is put, in the newspaper English of the day. This is what it means. The working-men of the country have organized into what are called protective associations, under the management of men who make a business of doing such work. The working-men bind themselves to obey the orders of these managers. Thus, to satisfy a man in Texas, who thinks he has been ill-treated by his employers, working-men throughout all the South-West are ordered to be idle. They have no choice. They must obey the managers whom they have chosen to rule them. It is very possible that they will carry their point. But at what cost will it be carried?

Business is checked in all this region; and in all parts of the country that trade with the South-West business is more or less seriously affected. Thousands of men are forced to give up their work for weeks at a stretch. They may be paid hereafter for the time spent in idleness, or they may not. Whatever happens to them, they have dealt a savage blow at the prosperity of the country. They have filled the buyers and sellers of goods with natural forebodings that prevent the healthy growth of trade. They have threatened the community with riot and bloodshed, if they are not left free to paralyze commerce as they see fit; and they have followed up their threats with action enough to make people understand that the menaces mean something.

What will be the outcome of it all? There can be but one result—the further defeat and enslavement of labor. Whoso taketh up the sword of unlawful force shall certainly perish by that sword. It may be very uncomfortable for Capital to have its business paralyzed; but Capital can sit back in his comfortable easy-chair, and bear a stroke of paralysis very comfortably. The loss of a few months' interest means only more or less discomfort to the capitalist. To the laborer whom he employs it means starvation.

There is neither reason, sense nor justice in the movement that has thrown the whole South-Western system of railroads out of working order. The action of the Knights of Labor is

simply illogical and brutal. It is as if a strong man, having a grievance against another man, should say: "I will maltreat every man who does not help me to avenge myself upon mine enemy." A man who took such a course of action would soon find the whole community arrayed against him, even as one man. Let the strikers of the South-Western sort remember this fact.

It is remarkable how long one single "record" will last a political party. Here we have a Democratic Administration trying to do its best in the way of Civil-Service Reform—blundering, no doubt, making errors, going wrong here and there; but, after all, trying to do its best, and, in fact, doing more than any previous administration, Republican or Democratic, has done. And here we have a Republican Senate doing its best to obstruct the onward march of this Democratic Administration, in the very path that the Republican party laid out for itself years ago.

It is a disgraceful situation, is it not? And why does the chief legislative body of the United States lend itself to such business? Well, simply to make political capital—to help the cause of the party at the next elections. We, common people, not over-much bound to parties, except as parties stand for principles, we cannot see what "high moral ideas" have to do with such work as this. And we hardly believe that the effects will be beneficial to the party in 1888.

## IT MADE HIM SMILE.



GOOD OLD FELLOW—Ah, how it warms my heart to see them playing their little innocent tricks on the first of April! Used to do it myself when I was a boy. But they can't fool me, though—I'm too old a bird for that.



A QUESTION OF VANITY.



CUSTOMER.—Isn't it a trifle large, Levi?  
LEVI.—Larch, mine fren? S' help me gracious! uf you geepts dot shpring goat on, unt your wife sees it, your bosom vill schwell mit pride so dot she'll hef to set dem buttons forwards.

LETTERS FROM THE EMINENT.

II.—FROM A PROHIBITIONIST.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: My object in writing this letter is to impart to you a great moral and physiological lesson. You are doubtless pained at seeing so many of my brave fellow-generals in the late civil conflict passing away while yet, alas, in what should be the sweet aftermath of their eventful lives. Grant, McClellan, Hancock—all young enough to be my sons—have, within a year, gone down to hallowed but premature graves. And why? Simply because they were not Prohibitionists. Oh, think how much better it would have been if they only had been Prohibitionists! Can any man doubt that if, after the war had closed, these gallant preservers of their country had turned their swords against the demon Rum, and struck "For God, for Home and for Native Land"—can any man doubt, I say, that they would be live and sober men to-day? If so, let him look at me and be convinced.

Here am I, at the age of eighty-two, as well and full of nerve—not to say spirits—as when I moved my troops against the Salt Works in Louisiana more than twenty years ago. Amid the storm and carnage of that desperate sortie, when officers and men were dropping a mile or two in front of me, I remained unscathed, because, my dear young friend, I was a Prohibitionist. And I do not hesitate to say that if every soldier had been a Prohibitionist, all would have lived to enjoy their pensions until a green old age, as Nature meant they should. A great moral lesson, indeed!

You may be inclined to wonder, as people do sometimes, why I was born so much more sensible in this matter than anybody else. But I make no secret of it. I am nothing but another Moses raised up to show people the way. At least this is the view I have always taken, and I have no doubt it is correct. I began to show people the way when I was quite a boy. My first essay in the good work was upon my father. He had just put into his cellar a barrel of new Jamaica rum. I saw at once to what evil results this might lead, and promptly took the initiative. That night, when the house was quiet, I stole down-cellar and pulled out the spigot of

of our reach, and don't mind breaking the law. It is to this system and to me, the originator of it, that the people of Maine owe the inestimable privileges they have enjoyed for thirty years.\*

But, notwithstanding all the sacrifices I have made for humanity, I still have my enemies. Yes, right in my own vicinage there are ribald men who are wont to speak of me as an aged curse, and intimate that, as I am too officious and disagreeable for angels or friends to desire my company, I am allowed to live. But I don't mind that; on the contrary, it gives a zest to life which I rather enjoy. Sometimes they even lie about me. A few years ago it was reported in the newspapers that I and another gentleman were seen taking brandy and water together on a steamboat. Tracing the vile slander up, I found it was but a new version of a joke that originally appeared in Pope Gregory's Calendar for 1582. The other gentleman took the brandy (poor fool!) and I the water. Ha! ha! ha!

In closing, my dear young friend, I urge upon you the prudence of becoming a Prohibitionist. Do not delay. Contemplate me and be wise in thy generation. I know you touch not, taste not and handle not, but that won't do; unless you are a Prohibitionist, you are not safe. Show this letter to your friends, that they may partake of its precepts. Above all, do not fail to hold me up as a shining example.

Yours for the Cause,

KEEL SCOW,  
Ex-Brig.-Gen., U. S. V. M.

To Eke Young, Esq.

SHE HADN'T HAD ENOUGH.

"MAMA," said a little four-year-old girl, at the Eden Musée: "are we going home now?"

"Yes, dear; we've seen all there is to be seen."

"But, Mama," pleaded the little girl: "I don't want to go yet. Let's go through the Chamber of Horrors just once more."

\* The General does not particularize here, but he probably has in mind the privilege nine Maine men out of every ten exercise; i. e., that of breaking the law with impunity.—E. Y.

PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

SONG OF THE 'CYCLIST.

"Farewell to winter, cold and dread,  
To snow and blow and icicle,"  
Exclaims Adolphus, in the shed,  
A-scrubbing up his bicycle:  
"Oh, soon I'll push o'er dusty  
street  
This thirty-inch 'Superior,'  
And paralyze each maid I meet  
With grace of my exterior;  
And they'll not guess, now, I  
dare say,  
In their intense enthrallment, oh,  
That I for this machine do pay  
On plan that's called installment, oh,  
And that from seven till six I stand  
Behind a ribbon-counter, oh,  
And all the time at my command  
Is morn and night to mount her, oh."



E. Y.

COME, GENTLE SPRING, ethereal mildness, come,  
And make the festive, bock supplant hot rum.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S horse is dead at last,  
and now, perhaps, the South is out of the saddle.

THERE is a rumor afloat that the man who  
struck Billy Patterson had something to do  
with striking the Oregon.

SARA BERNHARDT has made a failure as  
*Hamlet*. Perhaps she wasn't well supported.  
She should have had Henry Irving as *Ophelia*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is coming back to see us  
all again. If Matthew will time his arrival  
along about the middle of August, we promise  
him a warm reception.

THE CHINESE make vases that sell readily for  
eighteen thousand dollars apiece, and yet they  
come to this country and destroy collars and  
cuffs at two cents each. The Chinese are a  
curious people.

IT WAS a wise remark of a shrewd Boston  
merchant that "the Lord would make no more  
seashore, and therefore it must be a good in-  
vestment." Somebody is making seashore at  
Brighton Beach pretty fast.

AMONG THE other demands made upon the  
Highland Horse Railroad Company, of Boston,  
is one to the effect that no officer of the com-  
pany shall be permitted to board any employee.  
This cowardly blow at the private income of  
the president and directors is unworthy of the  
Knights of Labor, who, no doubt, dictated it.

WHAT IS an April fool? An April fool is a  
man who puts on his summer-underclothing in

April, under the impression  
that that golden season is  
about to burst on us, be-  
cause we have had two or  
three salubrious days.



THE FEMALE CLERKS in large  
candy-stores walk almost  
half-a-mile in going to and  
fro from case to case to se-  
lect the sweets to fill a  
pound-box. We suggest that  
it would be a great improve-  
ment to arrange the candies  
like type in a regular case, the chocolates be-  
ing in the "e," and the burned almonds in the  
"k." This would make the labor so much  
lighter that every time a girl went to set a pound  
of candy, she would consider that she had a  
good fat take.

## DESERVING, BUT UNFORTUNATE.



HOUSE-WIFE.—So you want money, do you, and a bite of victuals? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great big man like you, to be begging.

MENDICANT.—I am, Ma'am, I am. But I wasn't always a beggar. I was an Alderman in 1866.

HOUSE-WIFE (with great surprise).—An Alderman in 1866 and a beggar now! How was that?

MENDICANT (with a deep blush).—It wasn't my fault, no, Ma'am, indeed it wasn't. They didn't vote for a Broadway franchise in 1866.

## POSTHUMOUS LITERATURE.

*A Plea for Protection Therefrom.*

THE posthumous branch of literature is becoming daily more and more lucrative. A dead author, from inexplicable causes, excites a great deal more sympathy and interest among the reading public than a live one, and his expenses are not nearly so large.

For some reason beyond the reach of human understanding, the fact that he has donned the robes of subsequence entitles an author to much greater respect at the hands of publishers than he could hope to receive if he knocked timidly at the sanctum door, clad in the stereotyped rags of mortality, and if he can so arrange matters as to leave this sphere under unusually distressing circumstances, so much the better for his spiritual welfare. In this state of demission he is impervious to criticism, for newspapers are not printed on asbestos, and the most withering critique is out-withered, as a rule, before it can reach the interested posthumist.

The deceased novelist, grinding out works in the seclusion of eternity doubtless enjoys the spiritual world much more greatly than the material. As we have noticed, his books attain a larger sale, and the royalties are therefore greater for the fact of his having departed this life, while he is no longer bothered by such base formalities as clothing and sustenance.

Wings, harps and halos, to be sure, become a necessity, and have to be kept in condition; but they are perquisites of the state, and in the nature of things hereafter are like the flowers that bloom in the spring—self-renewing.

Like many a mortal *littérateur*, the posthumist never eats; but, unlike this same poverty-stricken, uncopyrighted wretch, the absence of food troubles him not. Recent investigation has shown that the reverse of the aphorism, "Corporations have no souls," is probably true, and, having no corporations, the pain of the foodless soul is of a very low order of pang.

It is in its quality that posthumous literature is weak. It not infrequently happens that the spirit-novelist endeavors to palm off on an unsuspecting public old matter that he wrote while in the flesh, and which in the material world he had been unable to perpetrate other-

wise than privately. We may say, in fact, that it is a rare occurrence that the works of a post-humist are written after his demise with a quill plucked from his wings and dipped in the nebular fluid that passes for ink in spiritual circles, as the poetic reader often fondly imagines. We can go so far as to state that in nine cases out of ten these so-called *post-mortem* novels are a delusion and a snare which should be exposed—whether through a material or spiritual medium, it matters not—and, unpleasant as that duty may be, we feel called upon to state, without any qualification whatever, that each and every one of the works of Mr. Post-Hugh Conway lately published were written, to our knowledge, before that gentleman's death; that all pretense upon the publisher's part to the contrary is a base deviation from truth, and that those who buy these volumes in the belief that they have been handed down by Mr. Conway's ghost as original *post-mortem* creations are basely deceived.

It is in the interest of the living that we make this exposure.

If the material creature who must eat, drink and be clothed is forced to compete with an immaterial, unclothed phantom, who can exist with-

out sustenance in an untaxable state of hallucination, there should be some globular tariff law which should stretch its protecting wing over him and support him in the struggle after such riches as are within the reach of literary mankind.

SHAK JONES.

## TWO KINDS OF ADVICE.

"THAT'S very odd, doctor. Several months ago you advised me to go to Florida, and now you advise me to stay at home."

"That's all right, my boy. I gave you advice then as a physician. I advise you now as a friend."

## HIS BUSY SEASON.

YOUNG HUSBAND (to photographer).—Will you set a time for taking a baby's picture, as soon as possible, please?

PHOTOGRAPHER.—H-m.

How old is the baby?

Y. H.—Six months.

P.—First baby?

Y. H.—Yes; and he's a daisy.

P.—H-m. I suppose he is. Mother'll be along, of course?

Y. H.—Yes.

P.—Father, too?

Y. H.—Oh, yes.

P.—H-m. Nurse?

Y. H.—Yes.

P.—Grandmother?

Y. H.—Two of 'em.

P.—H-m. Let me see.

This is the first of April. How would the twelfth or thirteenth of next December suit you?

Y. H.—December! I can't wait that long.

P.—I'm sorry, sir; but my time is all taken up to the middle of December. Good-morning.

Y. H.—Morn'n!

## STARTING THE MULE.

IT WAS a soft bright day when the crocus lifted its cup of flame from the twinkling grasses, and the sky was dotted with small white clouds. All was balmy and serene, and the uncorked soul of the poet was overflowing like a bottle of champagne.

The old canal-mule stood upon the tow-path as solid as a rock. It was impossible to move him even to tears. In vain did his navigators attempt to start him by prying his feet off the ground with a crowbar. The more they pried, the firmer the mule stood, and smiled a smile that floated over his countenance and melted softly in his ears, while the birds filled the air with their German-silver notes.

"Get up there, you —!!!! —!!!! —!!!! —!!!!" shouted the driver.

But still the mule stood stock still, as though intending to gather moss.

"—!?!?!!!!!!" shouted the driver once more.

"I'll bet I can start him," said a small thick-set man.

"Let's see you," replied the captain.

So the thick-set man approached the hind-end of the dreaming quadruped.

He had formerly been a deck-hand on the Catskill boat, and thought he could start the mule as they start refractory cows up the gang-plank, namely, by twisting his tail. Every eye was on him as he took hold of the mule's tail to twist it. The mule himself looked complacently around, with a twinkle in his eyes that seemed to say: "I am not a stem-winder." He also seemed to be calculating the weight of the man, and deciding which county he would drop him into.

"He'll be in Chemung County directly," said one.

"Or Sullivan County," remarked another.

"Look, look, now," they said together.

By this time the tail was about half wound up, and was beginning to tighten at the roots. He seemed to wind up as slowly as a Waterbury watch. Finally the man got it all twisted up.

The birds still sang their sweetest songs, and the sky looked like a blue watered-silk dress. All Nature seemed to smile. So did the mule.

Then the man gave the tail a twist that caused the mule's spinal column to contract, and he just let go all his feet together—

And didn't stop running until afternoon, when he fell exhausted, after having pulled the canal-boat half way up a mountain. R. K. M.



APRIL FOOL.



RANDOM REMARKS.

A VASE with a peach-blow complexion is all right, and you can't have too many of them, if they do cost eighteen thousand dollars a-piece; but look out for girls with peach-blow complexions.

THE EDITOR of the *Sun* thinks it strange that anybody in good health should want to ride up-town. If the editor of the *Sun* had to work from seven A. M. to six P. M., he would think it strange that anybody should want to walk up-town.

IT MUST be remembered that Bulwer wrote "The pen is mightier than the sword" before the days of the stylographic pen. Otherwise that statement would never have been penned.

WHEN THE news reaches the West that the New York dude takes a bath every morning, what a flood of wit and sarcasm will be let loose!

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT is as big a disappointment to country visitors as Niagara Falls was to Oscar Wilde.

THE LATEST modern improvement in Kentucky private residences is a dumb-waiter to the cellar.

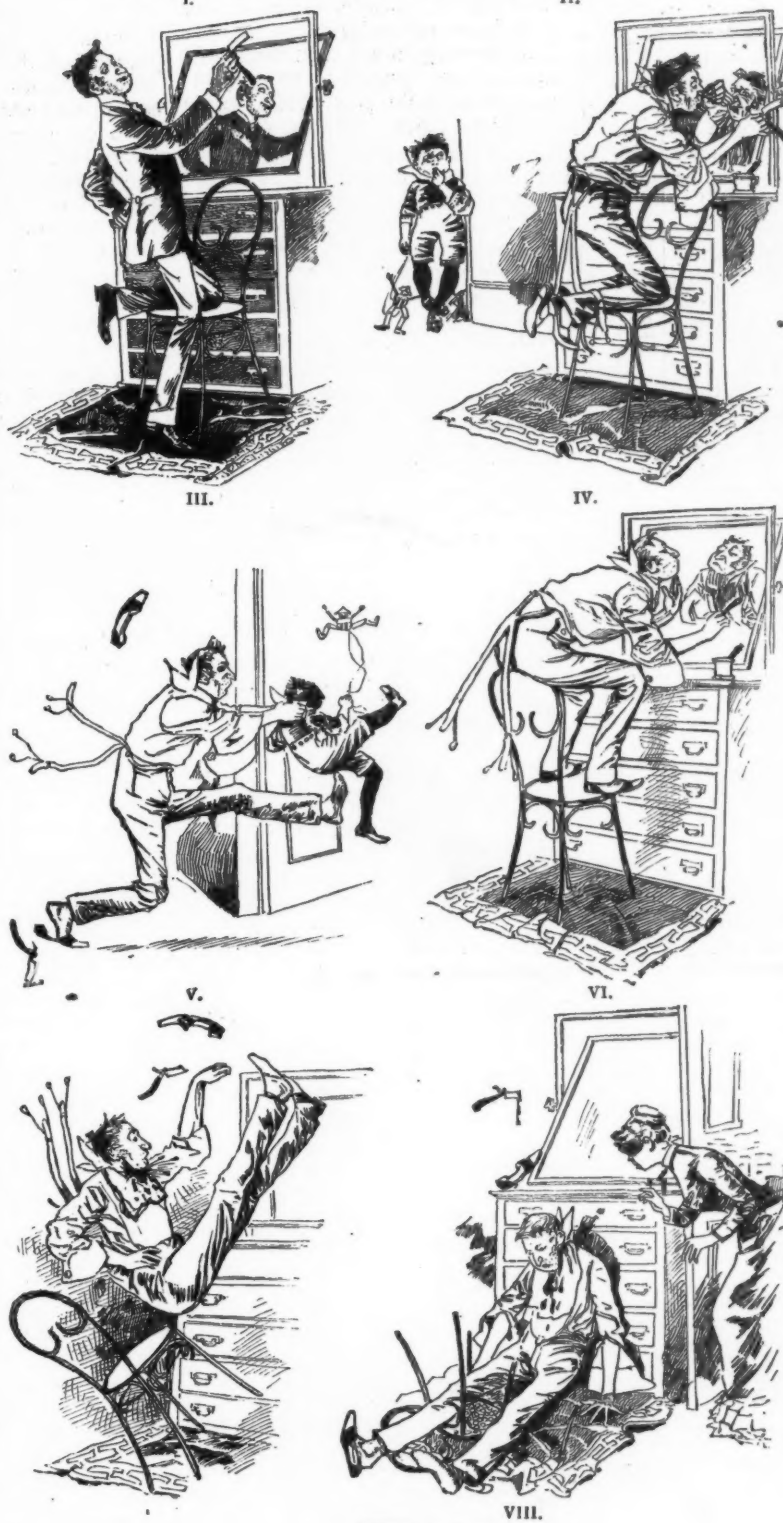
CHICAGO is making a specialty of Shakspeare's autographs, long lost "old masters," and hogs.

WE SHOULD think a shad would be pretty confident of a thing when it feels it in its bones.

WHEN THE scales fall from a man's eye, he ought to be able to see a long weigh.

A COMPASS SEEMS to be the only thing that knows where the North Pole is.

THERE WAS A RUMOR OF AN IMPENDING BARBERS' STRIKE—



TO PIRATES.

COME, Pirate-Lads, with one accord,  
From all our Eastern cities,  
Who without leave or license steal  
And publish foreign ditties.  
Why seek in London for your wares,  
And have your faith indicted?  
There's still a wondrous work at home  
Which is not copyrighted.

So now, my Pirate-Lads, attend—  
The work I name hereafter  
Is sweet and rhythmic in its flow  
As rippling streamlet's laughter;  
Its like was never seen before—  
And yet my faith is plighted  
That, as I write, this wondrous work  
Is still uncopyrighted.

So bring your shears and stylograph,  
You'll meet with no refusal,  
And freely cull this poem for  
Your customers' perusal;  
Yes, Pirates bold, unless in PUCK  
These lines by you are sighted—  
Remember this, and dance with gloe:  
They are not copyrighted!\*

E. FRANK LINTABER.

\* Mr. Lintaber is mistaken. Every line in PUCK is copyrighted, and we can protect the copyright.  
ED. PUCK.

THE REIGN OF SOAP.

THE air is full of bluebirds,  
The trees are full of buds,  
The bucket's full of whitewash,  
The house is full of suds.

We stumble over bed-slats  
Reclining in the hall,  
And down the stairs in spring-time  
Secure an early fall.

We see the stove-pipe dreaming  
On glossy vest and shirt,  
We see a ham from Pittsburgh  
Our swallow-tail begirt.

All hail, O gentle spring-time,  
With beauties manifold,  
All musical with brooklets  
And bright with flowers of gold.

Come on, O rose-crowned beauty,  
With all your charms unscreened;  
You bet we'll just be happy  
When this old house is cleaned!

Information has been received through a medium, whom the writer knows to be strictly reliable, to the effect that when the angels pass Hugh Conway's mansion in the sky, they rustle their wings as little as possible, in order not to disturb the gentleman in his literary labors.



AND THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED THAT A LAW-ABIDING PRIVATE CITIZEN GOT LOCKED UP ON A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.\*

## FOOLS.

**FRIEND JACQUES** complained bitterly that he had met a fool in the forest—a motley fool. He should have sung songs of rejoicing, if there are any such songs, and congratulated himself. A man who walks in the forest or strolls in the desert of Sahara, and meets only one fool, is on the top of the happiest hours he will ever see. Only one fool, and that in the forest where clubs grow! Such a man as Jacques could not content himself in a dream.

Once I thought I would make a gazette and encyclopædia of fools, a work in fourteen hundred volumes, and sell it, cash for one volume, and the rest in easy payments—easy for the sheriff to collect. But I thought that years ago, when the world appeared in the rosy light of youth. I was an optimist then, and thought that fourteen hundred volumes would suffice. Fond boy that I was! Paper has not the dimensions for fools. Their names must be written down on the sands of the illimitable seashore, where each day we shall have a fresh page; and the conceits that fools have must be stored away in the “vast and middle” of fools’ empty heads; nowhere else is there room.



But I am going to make a little list of the fools that I particularly detest. When I am through, cut this out and tack on a list of your own. Put me at the top.

I particularly detest fool girls that chatter and giggle and try to be grown up. That isn't their worst fault; they want to be boys.

And, oh, the fool boys!—the boy that wants you to ask him how far he has got along in his books; or that wants to tell you how he happens to “hate the teacher”; that “practises” whistling, or “curving” a base-ball on the sidewalk. I abhor the boy who laughs. Boys never, never laugh at the right time; they don't know the

right time. These “glad bursts of childish glee” irritate me. If children want to laugh, let them go outside the city-limits. When I count the number of fool boys that I have not killed, I begin to think I must have a fine temper and a marvelous knowledge of computation. They scream their irrational mill-clack in my ears by day and at night, when they ought to be in bed, chained down with a log-chain. They go under each other's windows and whistle a secret call. They might go in and ask for the boy; or, Heaven wot, if they'd shut up, the boy would come out in an instant and whistle for them. But no, they must give that terrible, mysterious signal. The only thing I know mysterious about the signal is that I don't slay the boy who uses it.

When I am in society, I trust I am as gallant

as a man as ever retied a number six shoe and didn't get a chance to retie a number one; but within my sheltered room I can pronounce that there are fool young ladies—young ladies that want to be thought engaged, that take pride in their skill at whist, that try to be the pilot in the waltz, that ask me if



they “don't look horrid with their hair fixed so.” They do look horrid; they look horrid any way.

Fool men—grown men, old enough to die. There are plenty of fool men besides those who part their hair in the middle. There are men who will bore you as long telling you where



they get their peculiarly worthless wine as a young lady would in narrating her meeting with the Prince of Wales. There are men who make disclosures to you about the secret motives of statesmen. There are sporting fools who quarrel with each other about who “pitched for the Worcesters in '81,” and tell you that when the Greenstockings put Corkscrew on third, they went to smash, and they (the fools) knew they would.

But the fool young men—ha!—that gather in corners and talk of their two-hundred-dollar shot-guns—what fool wants a shot-gun?—that, being invited to your six-course dinner, dilate with consummate tact on an eighteen-course dinner they had the week before, and thoughtfully fill up the rest of the conversation with bright new tales of their unique experiences at college—how they “got full” some of the time, and “soaked” their dress-suits in the intervals; that, in fact, *do* get full at your own dinner, and insist on singing you a hoary college-song. Fool young men—the field is too broad. I am getting excited, but I am also getting lost.

Then there is the “practical” fool, who is supposed to “like machinery”—a supposition based on the fact that he has neither the taste nor sensibility to like any thing else. If there is a machine you don't care anything about, he will explain it to you. He contorts his hands to represent the different parts of the machine, and says: “The ratchet falls into the pinion about *here*, and a long cylinder, about so long, of cast-steel, plays in the eccentric, *here*—well, say *here*.” He goes gasping, halting, struggling along, trying to think of some technical term he doesn't know, and winds up by saying, “It is a great thing.” Which you knew very well before.



Fools were once divided into fools and dampfools; whether this division was made by a wit or by a wag I do not now know. Again, fools are divided into old fools and young imbeciles, and some people will argue by the hour that there is no fool like an old fool; but to what end are these airy distinctions? When we are in the presence of infinities, it is a saving of time to put up the yardstick. Let us say, simply and sadly: “There is no fool like a fool,” and have done.

WILLISTON FISH.

## JONES'S BRAIN.

**MISS DAISY.**—Oh, Mr. Jones, ain't you coming to our church-fair next week?

**JONES.**—No; got no money.

**MISS DAISY.**—Oh, you are an awful story-teller; I know you have quite a large salary.

**JONES.**—Yes, have something to amuse myself with; but I don't lose it at church-fairs. Blow it in at faro-bank. A fellow stands some little chance there.

## LENT IN THE BOARDING-HOUSE.



WHAT THE LANDLADY SAVES.

**LENT BILL OF FARE**  
 MONDAY — PROMISE OF FISH  
 TUESDAY — FISH COOKING  
 WEDNESDAY — FISH ON TABLE  
 THURSDAY — FISH EATEN  
 FRIDAY — BONES PICKED  
 SATURDAY — MORE BONES  
 SUNDAY — RECOLLECTIONS  
 REPEATED DURING LENT



WHAT THE BOARDERS LOSE.



ROGER SHERMAN.

OH, THERE is a merry wight,  
Roger Sherman is his name,  
With a whack fol de luddy,  
And a whack fol de lay.  
International copyright  
He regards as a howling shame,  
With a whack fol de luddy  
Loddy lay.

He has got his pamphlet out,  
And he's sending it around,  
With a whack fol de luddy,  
And a whack fol de lay.  
All our authors he doth scout  
In a manner most profound,  
With a whack fol de luddy  
Loddy lay.

He tells us lots of things  
That before we never knew,  
With a whack fol de luddy,  
And a whack fol de lay.  
He's as full of hidden springs  
As the frisky kangaroo,  
With a whack fol de luddy  
Loddy lay.

We are feeling just so gay  
That we laugh ourselves to tears,  
With a whack fol de luddy,  
And a whack fol de lay,  
When we hear his rasping bray,  
That bespeaks his lengthy ears,  
With a whack fol de luddy  
Loddy lay—

Though he's sent our hopes to sea  
With his bluster and his blow,  
With a whack fol de luddy,  
And a whack fol de lay.  
Roger Sherman, who is he  
When at home, we'd like to know?  
With a whack fol de luddy  
Loddy lay????????????

#### GRIDDLE-CAKES.

GRIDDLE-CAKES were invented by the mother of Pythagoras at seven o'clock in the morning, 590 B. C. On tasting the first one, which was served up hot, her son is said to have exclaimed, in his own beautiful Greek tongue: "Gimmeanotherquick!" which the reader is at liberty to translate as freely as he pleases.

The Chinese claim to have introduced the griddle-cake several centuries before the mother of Pythagoras thought of it; but, as they also claim to have invented the pocket-corkscrew and various other ideas purely American in origin, we do not trust them.

We sing our distrust to the Chinese at short range, with a six-shooter. Until they produce a griddle-cake of earlier vintage than seven o'clock in the morning, 590 B. C., as an evidence of good faith, we shall continue to claim that the griddle-cake is of Grecian mould, and to give full credit to the esteemed and excellent maternal ancestor of the late Mr. Pythagoras, of Greece.

I do not envy the possessor of great wealth so much as I do the man who can eat eighteen hot griddle-cakes, and then go around with a sweet smile and a bearing of calm repose. For what are wealth, honors and a plug-hat to a man, kind reader, if he must turn away from the tempting brunette griddle-cake while it smokes and giveth its odor to his nostrils?

Did not one of America's greatest statesmen say, in a moment of enthusiasm: "Give me griddle-cakes or give me death"? Did not another wise and eminent publicist and warrior say, in that emphatic manner peculiarly his own: "The blessings of the griddle-cake, like the dews of heaven, shall descend alike upon the rich and the poor"? These little things, trifling as they may seem to some, show how near the griddle-cake is to the impulsive American heart, and how near it will continue to be there. Congress could not bring about civil war quicker than by imposing a special tax on home-made griddle-cakes.

But the griddle-cake habit, while it may be a blessing when indulged in moderation, will cause remorse—deep-bordered remorse—if carried to excess. A friend of mine, who has long been in the habit of eating twenty-four hot griddle-cakes at a sitting, had occasion to call in his physician the other day, and was told candidly and calmly that he must break off from the griddle-cake habit or go to an early grave.

"Very well, doctor," he answered, with a smile of resignation: "can you give me the

#### THE DANGERS OF TYPE-WRITING.



DRAMATIC AUTHOR.—Madam, here is the MS. of my latest comedy, which I wish type-written; you did my other one very well.

MANAGERESS OF TYPE-WRITING ESTABLISHMENT.—Excuse me, sir, we cannot do it. The girl who wrote your other play, poor thing, is now in the insane-asylum from the effects of it.

name of a cheap and reliable undertaker who will not put pinchbeck handles on my coffin, and charge for solid silver?"

SCOTT WAY.

#### A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

CORA (*surprised*)—Why don't you have your dresses made shorter? That's the fashion now. MAMIE (*confidentially*).—How can I, dear? Just look, I always wear the heels of my shoes over on the sides.

SCAT!

"That's a very queer-looking cat of yours, Mr. Muggins. What kind is it?" "Don't know exactly," said Vogelschafft; "but we call it a Maltese cross."

#### A BOOK SHE OUGHT TO READ.

YOUNG MR. FEATHERLY (*to Mrs. De Towser*).—Have you ever read that little volume entitled "Don't"?

MRS. DE TOWSER.—No, I have not.

YOUNG MR. FEATHERLY.—Is it possible? Well, you ought to read it, Mrs. De Towser.

#### ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

C. A. R., Phila.—Thanks—but we have done something so much like it before that the great throbbing public wouldn't know the difference.

CHARLES.—Wrap your poetry about you and lie quietly down for a long, long rest.

JULIUS.—Osteology is the science which treats of bones. But, at the same time, Julius, the bone-player in a minstrel-show is not, strictly speaking, an osteologist.

#### INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

IT is reported that Alderman Jaehne has sent to the absent William Moloney the following dispatch:

Billy Moloney, come home to me now;  
The clock in the steeple strikes one,  
And Gildersleeve's time-piece, it may, you'll allow,  
Strike eighteen before it is done.  
'T is heartless, when all are in danger of jail,  
That you and John Keenan should roam;  
If you were around, you could go on our bail.  
Billy, dear Billy, come home!  
Come home! Come home!  
William Moloney, come home!

Billy, come home to your Jaehne and Jake,  
Or know that our chances are slim;  
Though when I told Byrnes I the "boodle" did take,  
Of course, I was jacking with him.  
Oh, Gibbs was polite, and he let us all go,  
For he knew that our conscience was clean;  
But 't isn't the same since we monkeyed with Low,  
And got in the claws of Martine.  
Come home! Come home!  
William Moloney, come home!

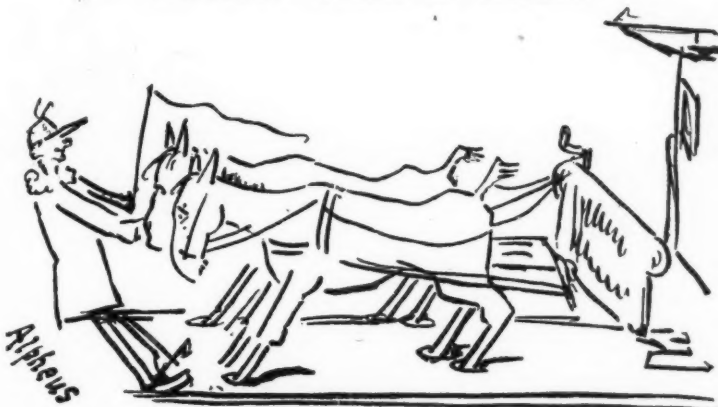
Billy Moloney's reply to Jaehne's appeal:  
My heart is wasted with my woe,  
Merry Jaehney!  
I see you are an idiot, though,  
Very plainy;  
How could you freely up and go  
And tell the cop the things you know,  
Silly Jaehney?  
Upon your pals to peach and blow?  
You're insaney!

I stood within the City Hall,  
Joking Jaehney!  
You watched my crest serene and tall,  
Cocked amainy;  
You saw me sell, you heard me call,  
You grabbed the boodle, one and all—  
Snatched the gainy.  
I little dreamed that you would squawl,  
Shallow brainy!

Where tropic winds pipe down the sea  
Mister Jaehney,  
I fly, and will not go to thee,  
Truthful Jaehney!  
I pitch my tent in Floridee,  
And if the coppies come for me,  
Up againy  
I'll rise and take me o'er the sea—  
Off for Spainy!

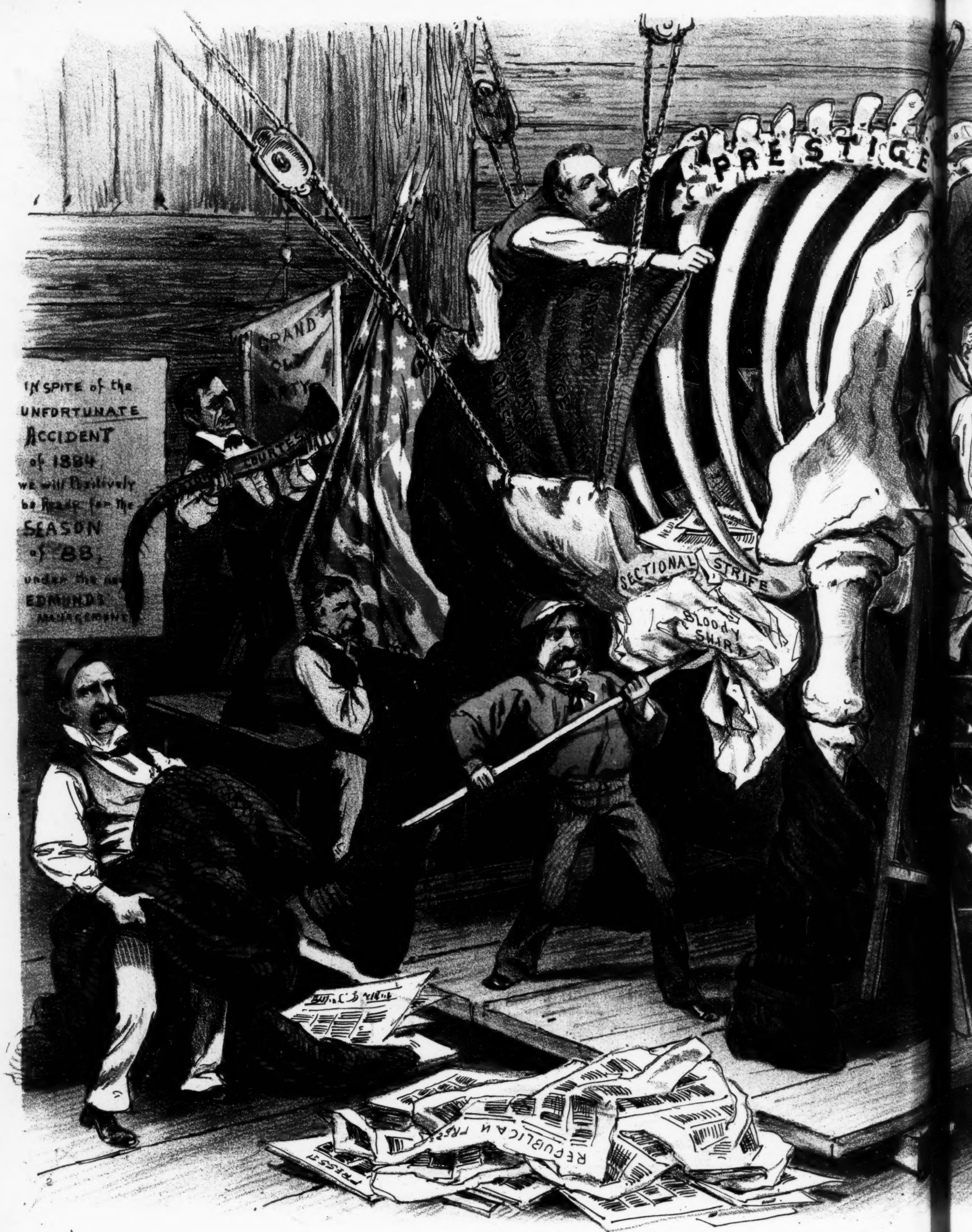
W. A. CROFFUT.

#### ALPHEUS TRIES IT AGAIN.



#### SOME OTHER STRIKERS.

OFF CAR-HORSE (*to nigh one*).—Keep up your spirits, Billy, and don't budge. We'll get warm oats and a decent stall if you'll only be firm.



"AS NATURAL AS LIFE."—PATCHING







## THE SUBTLE WHIP-TOP.

GENTLE SPRING brings the time of year when the small boy rises up in the morning, fires in an extra load of wheat-cakes and indigestion, moistens the palms of his hands, and goes forth to wrestle with the subtle whip-top. The whip-top is more subtle than the other beasts of the field, and that is how it beguiles the heart of the small boy in the sweet and sloppy spring.

All the time that he does not spend in trying to steal, beg or borrow a ticket to the circus he spends in lambasting a little red top with a piece of linen on the end of a stick.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue the other day, when I saw a boy mercilessly trying to knock out one of these tops in two rounds. As he did so, another boy came down the street and paused to gaze at the operation.

"What yer doin', Timmy?" he asked.

"Whippin' der top."

"Dat ain't der way ter whip der top."

"'Tain't, eh? What'n blazes does you know 'bout it?"

"Lemme show you, Timmy. Ah, I won't hurt der top. Give us der whip."

Boy No. 1 (whom I will call James, because that is a good Sunday-school book name, and this is a moral tale) doubtfully handed the whip to boy No. 2, whom I will christen John.

John proceeded, after the manner of *Koko*, to bare his big right arm. Then he drew back in an attitude that would have done credit to the Russian villain with the knout in front of the Ostrog in one of Hugh Conway's plays, and let drive at the top. The lash of the whip whizzed through the air. The end of it, in passing, just neatly flicked itself across the eye of a respectable clerical-looking old gentleman who was coming around the corner.

The way that old gentleman swore would have been enough to drive the English out of Boston if they could have heard him. But the old gentleman's objurgatory remarks were unheeded, for the lash sped on and curled around the top. It lifted the top clear off the ground, and sent it whizzing through the air. That top, having left the lash of John, caromed forcibly on the nose of James.

"What'n blazes yer doin'?" yelled James.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John.

"Oh, yer t'ink dat's smart, does yer? Wal, look out, I'm a-comin'!"

And James sprang upon John with fire in his eyes and ten dollars' worth of assault and battery in his immortal soul. In about two minutes there were fifty men around. In two minutes more there were one hundred and fifty.

"Bet two to three on the red-headed boy!"

"The odds are the other way, but I'll go you five cases even."

"Done."

"Foul! foul!" yelled the adherents of the red-headed boy, whose name was James.

"No foul!" yelled the adherents of John.

"Who's the referee?"

"I am," said a little man, with a fierce moustache, stepping out into the ring.

"Who are you?" inquired several of the swells in the crowd, bristling up.

"I'm 'Maginnis's Mouse.'"

"Oh, well, of course, then, you're the referee."

"Hi! look at the red-headed boy; he's chewing the other fellow's nose!"

"No, he's not."

"Leave it to the referee."

"Well, gentlemen, I decide that, although the red-headed boy has committed a gross breach of pugilistic propriety, this fight is a draw, and all bets are off."

"Oh, oh, shame! shame!"

"Lick the referee!"

No sooner said than done. In about two minutes the entire crowd was engaged in the liveliest kind of fight, and all the windows in the neighborhood were filled with excited spectators. But where was the top?

Well, after hitting the boy, it had glanced off and smashed through the plate-glass window of a grocery-store. A lady from the country region round about West 115th Street was in the store, and she promptly yelled "Fire!"

Thereupon the new clerk with the tall collar and the yellow bang exclaimed, "Oh, deah!" Then he jumped down an open hatchway into the cellar, where he was found, later in the day, up to his waist in a tub of butter.

The proprietor of the store, however, having more presence of mind, picked up the cat and dashed into the street, where he prevailed upon an officer to send out an alarm of fire.

By and by the engines came tearing down the street. The firemen spent five minutes hunting for the fire, and, of course, failed to find it. The policeman, by this time, had discovered the riot on the corner.

"Hi!" he called to the chief of the fire-battalion: "there hain't no fire, but there's a riot. Suppose you squirt on that."

Two engines were put at plugs. Four lines of hose were run out, and a double Siamese pipe, sending the four streams through one nozzle, was attached.

"Let her go!" said the chief.

And they let her. In about two minutes the riot was a thing of the dead, dim past, and the street was cleaner than it had been in a month.

And all this resulted from the deluded attachment of a red-headed boy for a whip-top.

TRICOTRIN.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE New York Legislature is debating whether the private steam-boilers shall continue to exist underground, or be taken up and put elsewhere. We have no objections to the boilers remaining where they are, if the exhaust-pipes could only be put on the house-tops, so that the escaping steam would not give us a Russian bath when we are trespassing on the public sidewalk.

PROFESSOR SERVISS, the astronomer, is lecturing on "How Worlds Are Made." If the Professor will give us the receipt, we will undertake the task of making a little world of our own, and will present it to the New York Cable Railway Company, or some others of our New York street monopolists.

THERE IS an enterprising Swede residing in Boston who makes a good living washing dogs. If some of our New York dog-catchers would adopt this occupation, they would get familiar enough with the animals to gain their confidence, and thereby net themselves big money during the pound-season.

THE LOUISVILLE *Courier-Journal* opens a free-trade discussion with the statement that "the Democratic party is, or is not, for a reform of the tariff." This statement indicates that Mr. Watterson has recovered from his recent severe illness, and that his mind is as clear and strong as ever.

IT IS related of Mozart that he began to play the piano at the age of three. That was all very well in Mozart's time; but what the world is throbbing for now is pianists who will swear off at that age.

THE GAMBLERS say "money talks." And so it does. As a conversationalist, money ranks very high.

## THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. VI.



"Strange you don't like my waltzing, Miss Floater—I learned how out of the 'Graceful Guide to Dancing,' you know."



# FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW.



"There's an awful gang up there bound to have us by hook or by crook."  
 "For Mercy's sake!"  
 "No; for Piety's sake."

## HORSECARCERATION.

(Fourth Term.)

IT SO happens that the young lady who has just moved in opposite comes out of her house this morning just as I emerge from mine. This coincidence is not so very remarkable, however, as I have been pre-arranging it some twenty minutes behind the blinds in my front entry.

We saunter down the street together upon opposite sidewalks. I do not look at her, because I have a pleasant feeling that she is looking at me admiringly, and I don't wish to embarrass her. This pleasant feeling is only marred by the occasional contact of my feet with projecting bricks in the sidewalk. These awkward stumbles detract, I can't help feeling, from the grace of my carriage, and make me blush and swear inwardly. It is odd, but I never stumble like this when no one is looking at me. Similarly, it is only when a pretty girl is approaching me that a grain of sand blows into my eye, and obscures my vision until long after she is out of sight. Suddenly I become aware that, in my confusion, I have outwalked my neighbor, and am some distance ahead. I stop and make a feint of tying my shoe. When she gets abreast of me I rise, stamp my foot as if to try the knot, and go on. At this instant the car is heard coming down the avenue. We both start to run for it, but when I reach the corner I discover that she has given up the attempt, and is again walking. With great presence of mind, I pretend to have forgotten something, and, with a half-audible imprecation, begin to retrace my steps. I know that it will be ten minutes before another car will go by, and—confound it! she knows it too, for she changes her mind, and begins to run. The car is now abreast of our street. There is no other course for me. I assume as a good working hypothesis that she has not observed my tactics, and run too.

The car waits for us, and presently we get aboard. It then happens that this is the wrong car, and, after a brief colloquy with the conductor, the car is stopped, and she gets off. I at once identify my case with hers, and, in defiance of probability, get off too. As we stand

together on the sidewalk, I have a feeling that this community of purpose, combined with the fact of our being neighbors, ought to serve as a sufficient introduction; yet I hesitate to act upon this idea. I continue to hesitate.

By-and-by the right car comes along.

Ting!

Ting! ting!

She enters first. There are empty seats on both sides. My idea is to let her seat herself first, and then to sit opposite. I carry out this idea; but, just as I am satisfactorily placed, she finds the sun too hot upon her back, and moves over to my side.

At the same instant I discover with horror that confounded Filter sitting across the way. Filter is one of those men who always know you ever so much better than you know them. A cold chill wanders aimlessly up and down my spine.

He sees me, and bawls out:

"Hello, Bill. How's the hash business?"

My name is not Bill, but Herbert. The idiot has got me confused with some restaurant-keeper or other, but, thanks to his loud voice, everyone, including my fair neighbor, has accepted his version of me. I am about to enter a protest, when the conductor comes along for my fare. In paying it, I accidentally drop a coin into the straw. The conductor at once begins to search for it. I tell him it is of no consequence, but he keeps on. I begin to blush. Filter sees his chance. He says:

"What have you lost, Bill, a cent?"

There is nothing funny about this, yet everybody laughs, including the young lady. My burning face radiates a genial heat like a stove. At the risk of setting the straw on fire, I bend over and beg the conductor to desist. Filter misunderstands this movement. He says:

"That's right, Bill; grub for it yourself."

Then generally, to the car: "The same old Bill Smith that he always was. A cent always looked bigger than a circus-ring to him."

"It's not a cent," I say, angrily: "It's a two-dollar-and-a-half gold-piece."

"Lock the doors!" says Filter, to general applause, and at once joins in the search.

A cold perspiration starts out all over me. I am identified with Bill Smith, a skinflint restaurant-keeper, and will, in all probability, be forever remembered under that hideous name by every one in the car. Nay, it will cloud my rightful fame, if it ever comes to me. People will say: "That the celebrated —"

—! Stuff and nonsense! He keeps a cheap hashery down-town. Known him for years."

Just then Filter triumphantly holds up a cent.

Ting!

"Here you are, Bill. Don't go off without your gold-piece."

This was the song that followed my headlong flight from the car, with its chorus of laughter, in which I recognized the clear soprano of my fair neighbor. No one ever knew that an honest sweeper found and returned to me my gold-piece next day.

Ting! ting!

F. E. CHASE.

AND the stately pots go forth

To the hands I may not see,

For the tender grace of a royal flush

Will never come back to me.

—Northwest ru Miller.

"AND, oh! did I tell you about little Henry, grandma? He's got a bicycle!" "Land alive! Well, don't get excited about it. Jest you put a big poultice of soap and sugar on it, and change it every morning, an' it'll be gone in three days. Your grandfather used to have 'em, every hayin' time, regular as June. They ain't nothin'; they'll do him good."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

OIDA says if the Venus de Medici could be animated into life, women would only remark that her waist was large. Ouida, as usual, is mistaken. The Venus de Medici would have on a pair of corsets before anybody would have a chance to say a word.

It is as difficult to seriously consider the merits of "The New King Arthur," or attempt to assign its place in the literature of the day, as it would be to estimate the private virtues of the tattooed man, or consider his value as a citizen. The book has been advertised and pushed with the sort of enterprise that offers a half-dozen of plated spoons with every tenth pound of coffee. The opinions of the nine disappointed purchasers concerning the merits of the coffee have not been given to the public. Almost every writer of note or notoriety has had his or her name sent in to the publishers of "The Buntling Ball" and "The New King Arthur" by some admiring purchaser as the probable author of the volumes. Not to have been guessed, stamps you as being unknown and obscure. Only the publishers know all the names that have been sent in. Some one may have guessed that the volumes were posthumous poems of William Shakspeare. It wouldn't have been much more absurd than some of the published guesses. There was a good deal that was clever in "The Buntling Ball." As a satire on society it was bright, the versification was happy, and it was altogether a readable volume. This book is so far below its predecessor that it is to be hoped that somebody will discover the identity of the author, and save him from again calling on the public to come and find him. His cry is getting hollow and hoarse. Perhaps he is lonesome. By all means let us find him. It is somebody else's turn to hide now. The notion that King Arthur was a prig, and that Sir Galahad was another, is a good one. Very likely it is a true one; but it is rather a slender basis for an opera without music. It distinctly requires the music. The suggestion is thrown out that the publishers secure some composer to write the music anonymously to this opera, and then offer another prize for a successful guess at the identity of the composer. One guess for every seat in the orchestra and dress-circle ought to fill the house.



"WILLIAM, DEAR, Mrs. Smith has never received that letter of mine which I gave you to mail a month ago. You posted it, didn't you?"

"Why, of course I did, my love."

And far down in the most sulphurous corner of the infernal regions a chorus of red-legged fiends blew a pean of joy on b-flat cornets, as they heated to incandescence a brimstone pit labeled "Reserved for William W. Jones."

We can't insure people against accidents of this sort. But all other accidents are quite in our line, and the misery resulting from them is mitigated by the promptly paid policies of the United States Mutual Accident Association. 320 Broadway, New York.

FOR A  
**BAD STIFF NECK.**

Rub well with **FRED: BROWN'S GINGER** and wrap up the neck with flannel wet with **FRED: BROWN'S GINGER**. When you go to bed take a hot drink made of some very hot [boiling] water and a tea-spoonful or two of **FRED: BROWN'S GINGER**. [Sweeten to suit your taste.] This advice followed will do much good. **TRY IT.**

FOR  
**NERVOUS HEAD-ACHE.**

(AS A COUNTER-IRRITANT.)

**TAKE FRED: BROWN'S GINGER**—Wet thoroughly a cloth or piece of flannel. Bind it around the head. It **WILL** feel very hot, but **WILL NOT** blister.

**TRY IT.** It has done good when other applications have failed.

**REMEMBER.** In buying look out for the **RED LABEL**.—Trade-Mark.

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We are pleased to learn that there is an association in France for the "propagation of volapük." We have often thought volapük should be propagated. A barbed-wire fence should be built around it, to keep stray hogs from breaking in and ploughing it up by the roots.—*Norristown Herald.*

You cood vhere a shmile und your heart vas pooty gwick broke oben. Dot rain out bow vas looking pooty vell in der shky oop, but yoost pelow dot vas der awful sad crying of der seashore.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

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We rake up and fake up,  
And we use the word "up" when we can;  
We drink up and think up,  
We kink up and shrink up,  
And do up a shirt or a man.

We slack up and back up,  
We stack up and whack up,  
And hold up a man or an ace;  
We beer up and cheer up,  
We steer up and clear up,  
And work up ourselves or a case.

We walk up and talk up,  
We stalk up and chalk up,  
And everywhere "up" 's to be heard;  
We wet up and set up,  
But hanged if we let up  
On "up," the much overworked word.

—*Chicago News.*

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## ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
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Tokay & Buda-Pesth, 39 & 41 1st Avenue,  
HUNGARY. NEW YORK.

Importers of

FINE HUNGARIAN, RHINE AND  
AUSTRIAN WINES.

TOKAY "ASZU IMPERIAL" A SPECIALTY.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

### TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THE newspapers say that General Logan receives two hundred letters every day. Ha! as there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, it is evident that there is a good deal of tissue ballot in the General's mail. What ho, without there! An investigation committee for one, please. Have it hot, and send it up right away. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is now beginning to be understood that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still until he could wind up his Waterbury watch and set it by solar time. —*Fall River Advance.*

"CAN women do business?" asks a contemporary. If they didn't think they could, there wouldn't be half so much money in circulation as there is. —*Burlington Free Press.*

You may break, you may shatter that eighteen-thousand-dollar vase if you will, but the scent of the dollar will hang round it still. —*Lowell Courier.*

It's the little things that tell, especially the little brothers and sisters. —*Burlington Free Press.*

CATARH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

## BUFFALO BILL

And his daring adventures and narrow escapes in the West. By Ned Buntline. This is one of the most thrilling books of the present day. 12mo., 225 pages, illustrated. Price, paper cover, 60 cents; bound in cloth, \$1.60. Sold by all booksellers, or mailed on receipt of price by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,  
31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

## BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

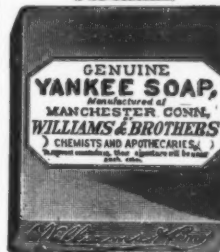
"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

FAC-SIMILE.

## For Shaving. THE GENUINE YANKEE SOAP.



Has never been equaled in its richness and permanence of its lather.

Especially adapted for heavy beards and delicate skin. Standard for quality in the U. S. Navy. Has been counterfeited more than any other soap in the world. Notice the engraving and avoid imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS KEEP IT. Trial Sample for 12 Cents.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1640



## IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

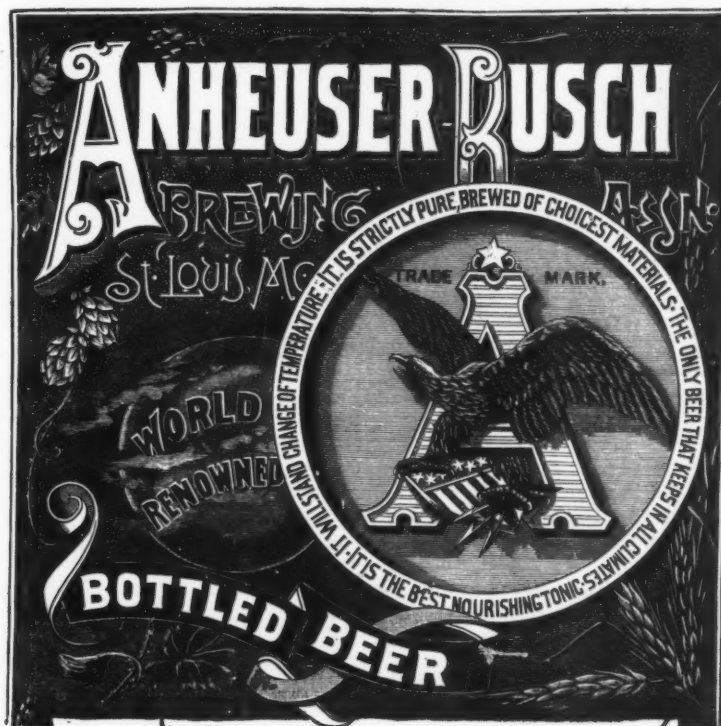
is the only absolutely harmless preparation for hair wholly or partially gray; it restores hair to original color, from blonde to darkest brown and black; is immediate and lasting; also odorless; leaves the hair clean, soft and glossy; is equally desirable for the beard. Price, \$1 and \$2.

IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR CO.,  
54 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23rd Street. Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11.—Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

100 New Scrap Pictures and Agent's Samples for 1886, 5 cents. S. M. FOOTE, NORTHFORD, CONN.

America's Favorite



Lager Beer



**PEARS' Soap** has received 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is for sale by the leading druggists and fancy goods dealers in the United States; also by chemists and vendors throughout the civilized world.

## Hale's Honey

OF  
**HOREHOUND AND TAR**



*For Persons of All Ages.*

A wonderful Cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption.

**IT BANISHES COUGHS** (acute or chronic) and **BREAKS UP COLDS**

like magic: **IT CURES**, in fact, where other remedies have failed;

its great efficacy **HAS BEEN PROVED** and its superiority extensively **ACKNOWLEDGED**.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough. Every family should keep it in readiness. Price, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle—largest, cheapest. Sold by all Druggists. 463

**Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.**

German Corn Remover Cures Corns and Bunions.



**TYPE SETTING**, etc., easy. Printed directions. For business, home use, or money making. For old or young. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Paper, Cards, etc., to the factory.  
**KELSEY & CO.**  
Meriden, Conn. 330

"Don't you think this story is a little hard to believe?" asked the Horse Editor.

"What story?" queried the Snake Editor.

"That a girl in Chicago is in the habit of sleeping five or six days at a time."

Oh, no, not at all strange; she is probably a saleslady in a store that doesn't advertise."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

TALMAGE did not preach yesterday, which was decidedly hard on our esteemed contemporaries who get advance-sheets of his sermons, and have them in type ready to publish as soon as they are delivered in Brooklyn.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

If Chamberlain should not resign, it is rumored that Gladstone will present him with a magnificent *status quo ante*, set with Irish ultimatus and costly *casus bellis*, and mounted on a superb identical note.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate,**  
**For Wakefulness.**

Dr. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years, I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."



**DENTAL OFFICE OF**  
**Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess**  
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau Street, New York. 440

**A PRIZE.**

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

WITH

**\$5**

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE

**Austro-Hungarian Government Bond,**  
**ISSUE OF 1870.**

These bonds are shares in a loan the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

**THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY**

until each and every bond is redeemed, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS.

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
1	120,000	120,000
1	100,000	100,000
1	15,000	15,000
1	12,000	12,000
1	10,000	10,000
3	5,000	15,000
12	1,000	12,000
54	500	27,000
4,575	144	658,800

Together 4,650 PREMIUMS, amounting to 1,119,800 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

**FIFTEENTH OF APRIL,**

and every bond bought of us on or before the 15th of APRIL is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and including 4c. will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balances payable in monthly installments.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.

**DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR**



Form: (various) Mustache, Whisker, or hair on bald heads: in 20 to 30 days. Extra Strength, Quick, Safe, Sure. No other remedy. See 2d Page, down the work. Will prove it or forfeit \$100.00. Price per Pkg. with directions mailed and post-paid 25c. 3 for 50c. stamps or silver. Smith Mfg. Co., Palatine, Ills. 273





# Cuticura

A  
POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
SKIN and BLOOD  
DISEASE  
FROM  
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczeema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

## Arnold, Constable & Co.

Upholstery Dep't.

We have now open complete lines of Spring Novelties in Fine Furniture Coverings, Upholstery Materials, Madras and Lace Draperies, etc.

An early inspection desirable.

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.



A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN

Should have as a Toilet Adjunct the

HARVARD TROUSERS STRETCHER.

Three minutes' time will apply the Stretcher and give the garment an appearance of perfect freshness and newness. It takes out all wrinkles, all bagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a life-time. Sent postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.

RICHMOND SPRING CO.

545 132 Richmond Street, Boston.

# CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1873.

AN old lady who died recently in London bequeathed to the doctor who had attended her for the last thirty-five years a huge box containing all the bottles of medicine he had ever sent her, unopened. The doctor cannot understand, for the life of him, what caused her death.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE members of the senior class at Yale have been requested to write an essay on the question now at issue between President Cleveland and the Senate. Until these essays are completed, nothing further will be done at Washington.—*Burlington Free Press*.

THE *Christian Union* tells of a young man who in three months gave his seat in a car to fifty-nine women and girls, and every one thanked him. We are sorry to see that even religious journals are beginning to publish fiction.—*New Haven News*.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. 508] Address: T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

## ELECTRIC WINDOW TAPPER



THE  
Latest Advertising  
NOVELTY

FOR ATTRACTING  
ATTENTION TO STORE  
WINDOWS.

Figures are hand-painted, 18 inches high, and knock on the window with the hand. Batteries will run 6 months without any attention.

Will be shipped, carefully packed, on receipt of Draft or P. O. Order, or sent C. O. D. on receipt of one-third the amount.

The Manhattan Electric Co.,  
737 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 140, 163 and 418 of the English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

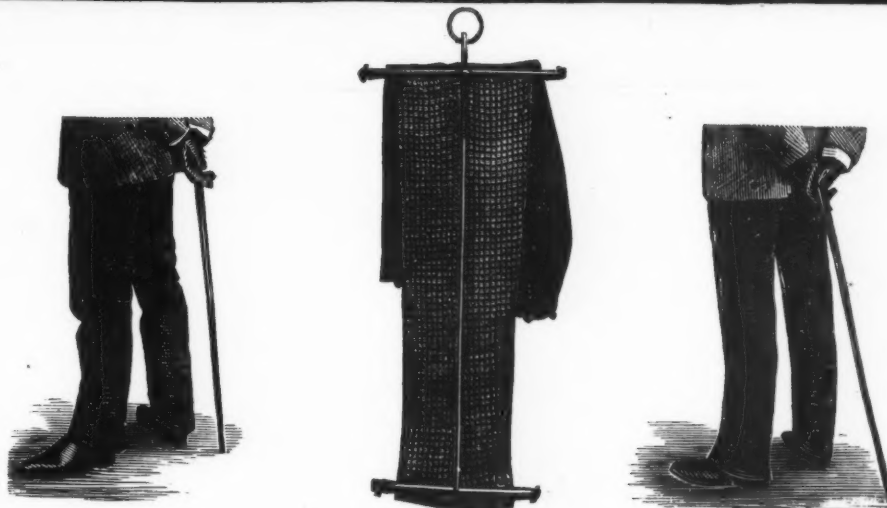
## THE LATEST LONDON SUCCESS.

JOHN HAMILTON & CO.'S

PATENT PORTABLE

## TROUSERS STRETCHER

Awarded SILVER MEDAL, London International  
Exhibition, 1884.



By the use of this Invention, Trousers are soon restored to their original length and shape, and the objectionable "bagging at the knee" is dispensed with.

The Tension is obtained by a Screwed Rod (as shown above) which can be regulated as desired. The Rod is jointed, and the entire article weighs under 3-lbs., and can be packed in a case 17-in. by 6-in. Splendidly finished, the Rod and Fittings being Nickel Plated, and the Clamps of Polished Wood.

"DETROIT FREE PRESS" says—"A word to my lady readers. If you have been wanting to give him a present, and haven't been able to decide what in the world would please him, try him with one of Hamilton's Trousers Stretchers. If you don't know whether he has one or not, just look at his knees."

"AMERICAN REGISTER" says—"The invention is both ingenious and effective, so let us hope that 'baggy-knees,' the terror of well-dressed men, are things of the past."  
"CIVILIAN," Dec. 1st, 1883, says—"It is the most effective instrument we have ever seen for preventing bagging at the knee."

Of all Tailors and Outfitters throughout America.

SOLE PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS—

JOHN HAMILTON & CO.,

7 PHILIP LANE, LONDON WALL, LONDON, E.C.

## "ENGLISH TROUSERS STRETCHER."

EASILY AND QUICKLY FIXED. RESTORES SHAPE, SAVES TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF PRESSING.

PRICE, \$1.75. FORWARDED ON RECEIPT OF AMOUNT, PER EXPRESS.

For Sale by E. O. THOMPSON, Importer and Tailor,  
608 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. 245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

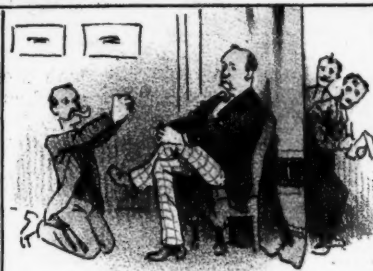
Sole United States Agent. Wholesale and Retail. Representatives wanted everywhere. Liberal Trade Discount. Correspondence solicited.



**A** is an Alderman, who 'll wear a striped coat;



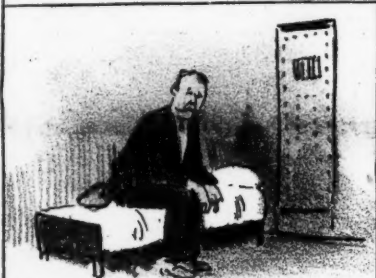
**B** is the Boodle he got for his vote.



**C** is Confession the Alderman made;



**D** is Detection he couldn't evade.



**E** is Escape; but he'd better not try it;



**F** is the "Fence" that he kept on the quiet.



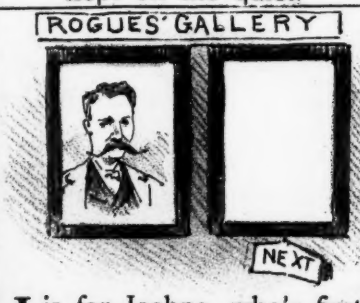
**G** is the Gin-mill most Aldermen own;



**H** is the Honest Man, who leaves them alone.



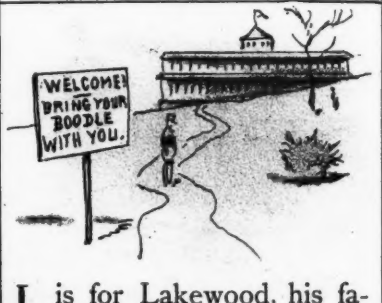
**I** is the Inspector, who "puts on the twist";



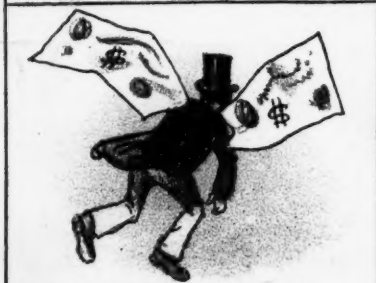
**J** is for Jaehne, who's first "on the list."



**K** is for Keenan, who found Gotham too hot;



**L** is for Lakewood, his favorite spot.



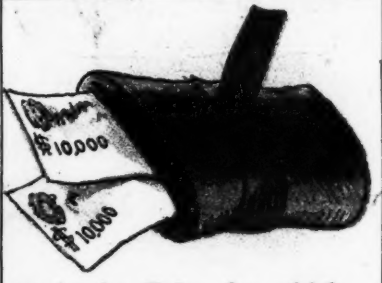
**M** is Moloney. He's skipped. What a pity!



**N** is New York, a mis-governed city.



**O**'s Oath of office; all Aldermen take it;



**P** is the Price for which some of them break it.



**Q** is the Questions of Roscoe the Brave;



**R**'s the Ridiculous Answers they gave.



**S** is for Sharp, who has worked the whole deal;



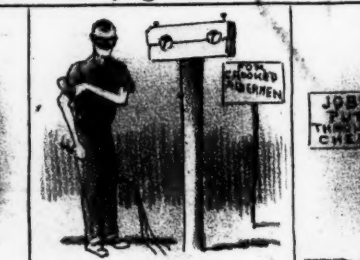
**T** is the Terror that made Jaehne "squeal."



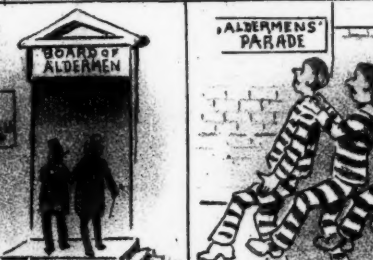
**U** is the Umpire of the Wretched Tax-Payer;



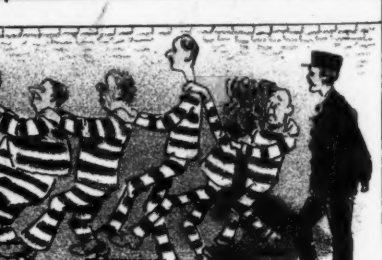
**V** is the veto of our noble Mayor.



**W** is the Whipping-Post we must revive;



**X** is an X-tremely crooked old hive.



**Y** is the Yells of the Aldermen's ring, when they have to wear

**Z**ebra clothes up in Sing Sing.